

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Talking in Their Sleep.

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show.
Because I stop
And my branches droop
And the dull gray mosses over me
grow:
But I'm still in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my
foot."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted
With the snow's thick blanket over
me laid.
But under the ground,
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over
me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year,
Come dancing here,
But I pity the flowers without branch
or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide,
In a plummy seed that the wind has
sown.
Patient, I wait thro' the long winter
hours,
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

Zoological Tommy.

When Tommy's good, I often hear
His mamma call him little DEER.
But when he has a cold, of course,
He sometimes is a little HORSE!
And oftentimes quite sure I am
He is a precious little LAMB.
While then, again without excuse,
He proves to be a silly GOOSE.
Alas! It grieves me to think of
Breddy Tim, with mouthful big,
Turn into a little PIG!
—McCall's Magazine.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Now that you are out of doors and
catching all the sounds in field and
wood it may be well to call your at-
tention to the difference in ears and
in the ability of learned people to put
sounds into words.

The quail is called Bob White be-
cause he is thought to say that; but
others hear him call: "More well!" and
accepting him as a weather prophet
will tell you upon hearing him that it
is going to rain.

You will see and hear the golden
robin among the apple blossoms. He
is said to be saying to his mate: "I
love you! I love you!" but one distin-
guished bird-lover says he simply
sings: "Tu-wee-ee! tu-wee-ee!"

The bobolink in northern Massachusetts
is supposed to say in his song:
"Bobolink, que-rink, que-rink, down
in old Short's lane stealing barley-o!
barley-o! but in southern New Eng-
land he says: "Chink! chink!"

The phoebe bird in southern New
England is so-called because he calls
"Phoebe! Phoebe!" but in northern
New England he is called the pewee,
because he is supposed to call "Pe-
wee! peewee!"

We hear the whip-poor-will repeating
his name, but the Indians called
this bird: "gahgo-mee-nuck" because
that is what he seemed to say to him.

You hear the rooster every morning
calling: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" but the
German hears him saying: "Ki-ke-ri-
ki!" and to French ears he seems to
say: "Co-co-a-ri-co!"

The sounds which seem musical to
some ears appear to others to be
harsh and unpleasant.

Some people do not hear the song
of the brooks, or the roaring and
whispering of the trees, or the weird
recitations of the pine, while others
catch the orchestral sounds of the
woods and the waters.

But pay attention to the sounds of
nature and let her delight you by

what you hear and whatever you may
imagine.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Frank Kovats, of Stafford
Springs: The Motor Boat Club Of
Long Island.

2—John Hogan, of Putnam: The
Pony Rider Boys in the Ozarks.

3—Louise Kennedy of Moosup: The
Camp Fire Girls' Career.

4—Woods School, Stafford Springs:
Ruth Fielding at Sunrise Farm.

5—Martin Delinsky, of Bozrahville:
The Submarine Boys and the Middle:
Madge Morton's Victory.

6—Agnes M. Brown, of Yantic:
Madge Morton's Victory.

7—Carrie A. Pratt of Pomfret Cen-
ter: Madge Morton's Victory.

8—Edward Marra, of Bozrahville:
Tom Swift and His Big Tunnel.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Blanche Lucier, of Taftville: I have
read the prize story book you sent me
and think it is very nice. I hope the
other Wide-Awakes like their story
books as well as I do. Hoping to re-
ceive another book, I thank you.

Edith M. Hathaway, of Bozrahville:
I received the prize book entitled The
Automobile Girls Along the Hudson.
I have read some of it and like it very
much. I thank you for it.

Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs:
Thank you ever so much for the nice
prize book you sent me. I am very
much pleased with it and think it is an
interesting story.

Ethel M. Davis, teacher, Woods
School, Stafford Springs: Behalf of
the children of the Woods school, I
wish to thank you for the two books
which you sent us last week. For
some time the children have been in-
terested in writing stories out of their
own experiences, and in seeing these
stories printed in The Bulletin Wide-
Awake Circle. These two books will
make the beginning of our school li-
brary, and we wish to express our
sincerest appreciation of your kind-
ness.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Mission of the Star Flower.

The sun looked down on the hillsides
and smiled. It was a strong, potent
smile and its warmth reached the heart
of the star flower. And because the
heart of the star flower was touched
by the sun's warmth it began to open,
unfolding its petals slowly, till finally
it was blooming, a perfect flower,
like the green grass and the other
flowers.

The Doctor, having finished his
book, took a short walk out on
the hillside, looking at the star flower
which he had just seen. Being a man
who loved flowers he looked eagerly
at the star flower. He stood over
and picked it, placing it in his button-
hole.

The first patient whom the doctor
visited was young Crispin. A girl
whose lot it had been to lie on the bed,
patient and suffering, for the last four
years. Before that time she had been
as active as any other child, and though
the lesson of pain and misfortune had
been hard, she had learned it well and
learning had brought a strange peace.

The crippled girl noticed the star-
flower and thought it very beautiful.
So the doctor gave it to her, saying:
"It is a star that wandered down here
from the sky last night."

The girl smiled softly. "I almost
wish it would go back to the sky and
take me, too," she answered.

All day long the girl lay with
the flower in her hand. Her mother was
a busy woman who took in washing
so she could not be with her daughter
much. For awhile the flower remain-
ed fresh and blooming, but gradually
it began to wither, and its petals closed
together slowly.

"My body feels wilted, too," said the
girl, "but my soul does not." She
closed her eyes and became very still.

Even as the sun that morning had
touched the heart of the flower, mak-
ing it bloom, so the heart of the girl
God had touched and called the soul
of the little girl setting it, white and
chastened by long suffering, free from
the worn-out body.

CARRIE A. PRATT.

Pomfret Center.

Mary's Picnic.

Mary was sulky. Most everybody
in town had had a picnic except her-
self. She thought she would go ask
her mamma.

"Hello, Lottie Smith! You are just
the girl I want to see. I want to show
you something. Come back to the
house a minute."

"So I went back with him and he
showed me five fat little kittens in a
cheesebox.

"In a few minutes Mrs. Dunton called
Willie and I started for home again.
And Grandpa Dunton met me just by
the side steps. He said:

"Why, here's Lottie Smith, just
coming home. I want you to see some-
thing we have in the shed."

"So I went back with him and he
showed me five fat little kittens in a
cheesebox.

"After I looked at them I said good-
bye to Joe and started to come home
by the back way. And Grandpa Dun-
ton met me going down the garden
walk. She kissed me and said:

"Well, daughter, are you tired?" said
her mother.
"Yes, I am pretty tired," said Lot-
tie. But she added, smiling, "while I
was gone, mamma, I saw twenty-five
of the prettiest little kittens you ever
saw."

"Lottie Smith!" exclaimed her moth-
er, reprovingly.
"Really, mamma," said Lottie, "and
I wish you could see them, they are so
pretty and cunning."

sun with a tablecloth around her. She
soon was dry.
The girls picked flowers and played
games and then they went home.
When they were walking home they
said it was a fine picnic, even if one
did fall in the pond.
Mary was happy because her picnic
was a success. She was also glad
she had a picnic.
HELEN LOWENBERGER, Age 9.
Norwich.

The North Ashford Postoffice.

The North Ashford postoffice is si-
tuated near the center of the village.
The postoffice is bounded on the
north by a large farm owned by G. S.
Morse, on the east by a large woodlot
owned by George Upham, the owner
of the postoffice and buildings, on the
south by a medium sized farm owned
by Mrs. Hattie Morse, and on the west
by the pastor's home and farm on the
main road.

It is surrounded on the southwest
side by a few large maple trees.
The postoffice, house and shed are
all attached together and painted white
with a slate roof.

On the west main side of the build-
ing there are three doors and seven
windows. On the south side is an old-
fashioned door which once was the
front door of the old tavern, as it was
called by Mr. Keyes, over fifty years
ago.

On the southeast side is a large red
barn owned by the owner of the post-
office. He owns a great many cattle,
colts and hogs.

As you enter the postoffice room you
catch a glimpse of a medium sized
table, a candy case with a glass cover,
a general merchandise counter, a glass
cover, and the United States mail
and business corner.

The room is rather narrower than
broad and contains many articles for
sale on shelves all along the walls. In
this store is sold dry goods, shoes,
rubbers, tinware and canned goods.

The owner of this building is George
Upham. He and his wife and child
occupy it.

His child's name is Herbert Upham.
He is seven years old and goes to a
school in North Ashford. He is a very
smart little fellow and has a pet bud-
dow which is very gentle and whose
name is Sub Upham.

JULIA DECHAND.

North Ashford.

Laziest of All Birds.

The laziest of all birds is the "frog-
mouth." He sleeps all day, and in-
stead of flying about in search of food
he sits still on a limb and literally
waits for the insects to come and feed
him. He is such a sound sleeper that
one can knock him off his perch with
a club and he'll not wake up. He in-
habits the islands of the Indian ocean
and Australia.

He is about the size of the whip-
poorwill and gets his name from his
wide mouth, which serves as an insect
trap. Being too lazy, like other birds,
to fly for his food, he crawls along the
limb of a tree, opening his wide mouth
and snapping it shut, catching what
flies and gnats come within his range.

At night he is found perched with
his mate on the roof of a house, or
fences or stumps. Only after the sun
goes down does he show any inclina-
tion to move about. All day he sits,
resting his head on his wings, and
indifferent to rain, tropical sun or call
of the woods.

One species of frogmouth has tufts
of hair growing from the top of his head
like ears.
I hope the Wide-Awakes are having
nice times hanging May baskets.

Yantic.

A Papoose.

An Indian baby is called a papoose
and it is strapped to a board most of
the time.
The board that he is strapped to is
fastened to his mamma's back when
she wishes to carry him. He is wrap-
ped in a blanket and has no hat on,
so the sun shines down on his little red
eyes.

When he cries his mother shakes
the board up and down, instead of
rocking him. After a while she takes
the board to a bough of a tree or
stands it against it, while she cooks
the supper, which consists chiefly of
corn and a few scraps of vegetables.
When the supper is ready then the
baby will clap his hands with glee, as
in Indian fashion, and will crouch in
a funny language.

The motto of an Indian is: "Eat
when there's plenty."

BLANCHE LUCIER, Age 14.

Taftville.

Peter's Declaration.

A friend of mine, Peter by name,
has selected for his speech that ex-
tract from Patrick Henry's famous
oration which begins with the words:
"I have but one lamp by which my
feet are guided, and that is the lamp of
experience."

Peter confidently mounted the rostrum;
but although he had quietly
rehearsed his words in his room, he
had not accustomed his ears to his
own voice in declamation. He shouted
from the stage:

"I have but one lamp—lamp—lamp,"
and he could get no further. His
speech had gone from his memory. He
passed his left hand across his fore-
head and his right hand pulled at his
trousers as if he thought it might have
slipped into his pocket; but it came
not. Then he began again:

"I have but one lamp—lamp—lamp,"
and, to the amusement of the school,
said: "Come down, Peter, your lamp
has gone out!"

ALMA ZEIL.

What the Birds Taught Sydney.

"Sydney," called his mother, "the
wood box is empty, and I need a pair
of water."

Sydney got the wood and water,
grumbling all of the time. "I have to
work all the time," he said.

He then went into the orchard and
lay down under an apple tree.
As he was watching the birds he
saw two birds building a nest in an
apple tree. He saw how busy they
were and he saw the things they were
getting to build their nest of.

If such little birds work so hard a
big boy like me can do more work
than the little birds can do. I am
going to try to beat the birds, not let
the birds beat me.

ANNIE RABINOWITZ.

My Experience at Fishing.

Last summer while on my vacation
along the St. Lawrence I went fishing
for the first time in my life.
The day was cloudy and the fish bit
well. I caught twelve in about two
hours. They were not very large.
Some of them were catfish, bull heads
and sunfish.

I went fishing many times after that.
I would not bait the hook or take the
fish off it, otherwise everything was a
great pleasure to me.

RUTH HOLT, Age 14.

A Fishing Trip.

"Ned," shouted Harold from the
doorway to a boy who was feeding
some chickens, "isn't this the
nicest day to go fishing? I've got a
whole lot of bait dug so quick. Do you
think you can go?"

Before they were half way there the
rain came down in torrents. You should
have seen their faces as they reached
home! Their clothing was wet
through and clung to their very wet
skins. Their hair was stringing down
over their foreheads as though it were
glued there.

Their day of fishing was over, and
they were the proud possessors of two
tiny minnows.

EDITH BAKER, Age 16.
Pomfret Center.

The Bumble Bee.

This busy fellow goes from flower to
flower, poking his head into one, and
then into another, and sometimes the
flower is so large that it hides him out
of sight. He curls his body and buzzes
while he is getting his meal.

Some flowers are so small that he
can't get his head in at all to reach
the honey, but he won't give it up. So
he pushes and pushes until he splits it
quite open. I am sorry to say that the
bumble bee spoils a great many flowers
in this way.

Sometimes he gets the honey from the
outside, just at the bottom of the
cup of the flower.

It is a very funny sight to see two
bumble bees on one stalk, one visiting
the inside of all of them, while the
other takes the outside. Another curi-
osity, when two bees are on the same
stalk with a certain kind of flower they
will go to no other for their honey on that
trip out. If they start again they may
try something else.

The bumble bee does not make the
same pretty comb nor the good honey
that the honey bee does, who always
gathers as much as he can carry to use
in the hive.

You have eaten their beautiful white
bread, which is often made of one little
white clover you tread underfoot in
summer walks.

Even the honey bee can make better
honey from some flowers than others;
but it is all good enough, we think.
EDWARD MARRA, Age 9.
Bozrahville.

Grandfather's Birthplace.

At the end of a broad, grassy lane
leading from the main road stands a
cray, weatherbeaten house with low,
projecting eaves and wide stone chim-
neys, from each a column of blue
smoke. Each window on the side of the
house is shaded by lilac bushes and
between these is a massive oaken door
with a wooden latch and heavy iron
knocker.

Enclosed by a picket fence, bloom
many flowers in the garden. There are
stately hollyhocks, spicy pink, vari-
colored phlox and more gorgeous
than all, quantities of golden yellow
marigolds.

Standing near a giant maple tree in
a moss-grown well curb with ancient
sweep, and further away on a slope are
odorous and fragrant flowers.

Inside the house are two large rooms
whose broad windows have small
panes and deep window seats. The
one on the left is a parlor, with a
table and a high-backed settle occupy
one side of the pleasant living room
and on a shelf over the fireplace are
the home in deer, birds, vases and
pewter dishes, all relics of former gen-
erations.

In one corner near a window stands
a time-worn grandfather's clock, and
another corner great-grandmother's
spinning wheel, while bright colored,
hand-made rugs cover the floor.

On the shelves of a
spacious cupboard.
Two rush-bottomed chairs, an old-
fashioned rocker, a table spread with
a snowy cloth, and a white and
china and gleaming silver, complete
the furnishings of the room.

WOODS SCHOOL.

The Best Nuts.

One morning Harold stopped for
Charlie, his particular friend, on his
way to school. They stopped at a
what Harold called the hot peanut
man's to spend his nickel.

"I think peanuts are the best nuts in
the world," said Harold as they walked
along, eating.

"Butternuts are good, too," said
Charlie, "and walnuts. But, I tell you
what, Harold, I've been out to Grand-
ma's farm and doughnuts are the
bestest of all."

"That's so," said Harold, "specially
if she gives you a great big handful,
hot."

"She always does," said Charlie,
"and she never minds how many you
eat, and there isn't a shell on 'em, and
they're big and fat."

"Just like a grandma," said Harold.
EDWARD LUCIER, Age 11.
Taftville.

The Origin of the Rat.

Of all the animals of the earth, the
rat is the most useless, destructive and
dangerous to health. When we think
of his origin we are amazed.

Their origin seems to be little
known beyond the point that they be-
long to the class of animals larger
than the brown rat.

The brown (or Norway) rat made its
appearance in Europe about 1727. It
was brought to America about 1776.
The brown rat is a very common
black rat and the roof rat.

Rats feed on all kinds of animals
and vegetable matter. They make
their homes in debris, rows, river
banks, stone walls and all kinds of
buildings.

They destroy furs, laces, silks, car-
pets, leather goods and groceries.
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Plainfield.

A Trip on the Water.

One Saturday night last summer we
met some friends. They asked us to
go with them to the drawbridge, the
next day. So next morning we started
with a boatload of friends. When we
came to the place where we were sup-
posed to leave, our friends were there.
So we went in the boat, and next of
course we got out by the Thermo's
mill we went among the rocks. We
tried, and tried, to get off but couldn't.
We were in the boat, and next of
course we got out by the Thermo's
mill we went among the rocks. We
tried, and tried, to get off but couldn't.

ALBERT LEFFINGWELL, Age 8.
Norwich.

My Strife in the Woods.

One hot summer day I took a walk
to the woods. As the trees were shady
I lay down to rest. As I was watching
the birds in the treetops, I heard a
noise and, looking down, I saw a
woodchuck chasing a rabbit. As I saw
this I took a stick and hit the wood-
chuck on the back. He ran away to
his hole.

Great Northwest. For hundreds of
miles there are dense forests nearly
untouched by man, where wild animals live
undisturbed, such as the grizzly bear,
elk, moose and the fierce puma, and
many other animals.

Through this region run the Rocky
Mountains extending far north to
Alaska; upon its ridges are enormous
trees as the Oregon pine and the
giant red-wood, all over two hundred
feet in height. The scenery is beau-
tiful and the climate is pleasant, and the
falls and cascades equaling those in
Switzerland.

The soil is fertile and already many
people have broken the valleys.
Gold is found in abundance and
many miners prospect in the hills and
river banks; trapping is also an im-
portant industry, which many hus-
bands make small fortunes bringing in
the fur of the mink, beaver, muskrat,
lynx and other fur-bearing animals.

ESTHER HYMAN, Age 12.
Norwich.

The Woodpecker.

An old lady lived on a hill. She
always had on an apron with big
bows behind. She had on a red bon-
net. She grew selfish as the day went
by.

One day when she was baking
cakes, an old, hungry man came to
the door. He said, "I have no mon-
ey. The first thing you wish for you
will have."

She broke off another piece of
dough and baked it. It was nice and
brown. So she broke off another
piece of dough. Then she broke off a
piece no larger than a pin and that
was as brown as the first one.

Soon she was all alone. She was a bird.
She grew smaller and smaller. The
wind came and blew her higher and
higher into the air. She would get
her foot out of the tree, and when
the people saw her they called her
a red-headed woodpecker.

SUSAN HATTIN, Age 10.
Mt. Hope.

How to Enjoy a Winter Evening By The Fire.

To enjoy a winter evening my idea
is this:
When you are all seated around the
fire which is burning with a com-
fortable glow, ask father to tell the
story about the bow-legged ghost.

This is of course followed by more
weird and fascinating ones about all
manner of ghosts. You feel creepy,
and little shivers sliding down your
arms, and you gaze fearfully into the
dark corners of the room.

After a time some one suggests pop-
ping corn, and this banishes all fear
for a time.

Soon bed-time comes. When you
are in bed and all lights out, ghostly
figures seem to be coming from the
dark corners and you hide your head
under the blanket and wake up to
find the morning light coming in
at the window.

ALICE F. BURRILL.
Stafford Springs.

The Wise Dog.

One night a farmer was riding in a
lane. He heard his own dog bark-
ing, and stopped his horse to see
the matter.

On a big stone was his daughter.
She had come from the house to the
meadow. She had lost her way and
was crying.

The man took the girl home. The
dog walked between the girl and him
to keep her from falling in. Wam